

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 58.—No. 9.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

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MONDAY ... March 1—Last Time of GOETZ's masterpiece, the "TAMING OF THE SHREW." Katharine, Miss Julia Gayford.
TUESDAY ... " 2—BIZET's "CARMEN."
WEDNESDAY ... " 3—VERDI's "TROVATORE" (only time).
THURSDAY ... " 4—Last Time of BIZET's "CARMEN."
FRIDAY ... " 5—Last Time of WALLACE's "MARITANA."
SATURDAY ... " 6—at Two p.m. (Last *Matinée*), BALFE's "BOHEMIAN GIRL."
" ... " 7—at Half-past Seven (LAST NIGHT of the Season), AMBROISE THOMAS's "MIGNON."

Box Office open daily from Ten to Five, under the management of Mr Bailey.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT, Feb. 28, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include Overture, *William Tell* (Rossini); Violin Concerto, No. 12, in A (Spohr)—first time at these Concerts; Variations for Violin and Orchestra (Joachim)—first time in England; Symphony, No. 2, in D (Beethoven). Vocalist—Miss Anna Williams. Solo Violin—Herr Dr Joseph Joachim. Conductor—MR AUGUST MANN. Seats, 2s. 6d. and 1s.; Admission to Concert-room, Sixpence.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—The LAST BALLAD CONCERT BUT ONE of the present Season.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.—WEDNESDAY next, at Eight o'clock. Artists:—Miss Mary Davies, Miss Marian McKenzie, and Mme Antoinette Sterling; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Redfern Hollins, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Santley. Pianoforte—Mme Frickenhau. The London Vocal Union. The programme will include the following New and Popular Songs:—"It was a dream," by Cowen, "Forgotten," and the old ballad, "The Well of St Keyne" (Miss Mary Davies); "The Three Singers," by Tours, "Daisy and Joan," and Scotch ballad, "We're a' moidin'" (Mme Antoinette Sterling); Arthur Sullivan's "Willow Song," "My love has gone a-sailing," and old ballad, "Early one morning" (Miss Marian McKenzie); "If my mistress hide her face," by Hutton, "Good night, beloved," and "The blue Alsatian mountains" (Mr Edward Lloyd); "O live or let me die," by Meyerbeer, "The Token," by Dibdin, and "Old Timbortoe" (Mr Santley); "The Millwheel" and "The Postillion" (Mr Maybrick). Mme Frickenhau will perform Weber's Rondo Brillante, and Rigaudon by Raff. Conductors—MR SIDNEY NAYLOR, MR HENRY PARKER, and MR FRED. WALKER. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Area, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets of Mr Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and at Boosey & Co.'s, 295, Regent Street.

MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR (LAST SEASON).—SECOND SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, FRIDAY Evening next, March 5, Eight o'clock. Programme: Part I.—The music to the "ANTI-GONE" of Sophocles (Mendelssohn); Solo Quartet—Messrs Albert James, Arthur Thomas, F. A. Bridge, and J. Langman; the Reading will be abridged as much as possible; Reader—Miss Tennyson. Part II.—Concerto for the violin (Beethoven)—Herr Joseph Joachim; Chorus of Shepherds, "Now to Bethlehem let us go," Mary's Song, "My babe, my son, my Saviour" (*The First Christmas Morn*) (Henry Leslie)—Miss Otridge; Suite de Pièces, for violin, unaccompanied (Bach)—Herr Joseph Joachim; Overture, *Ray Elias* (Mendelssohn). Full professional Band. Choir of 240 male voices. Conductor—MR HENRY LESLIE. Sofa Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s.; at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; and usual Agents.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr W. G. CUSINS.—THIRD CONCERT, THURSDAY, March 4, ST JAMES'S HALL, Eight o'clock. Mdme Patey and Herr Joachim. Brahms's Symphony in D; Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto; Overture, *Phédre* (Massenet), &c. Stalls, 10s. 6d. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERT. The Prospectus for the Fourteenth Season, 1880, is now ready. Members are informed that the Arrangements for March are as follows, viz.: The next Meeting for Vocal and Chamber Music Practice, Wednesday evening, March 10. The next *Soirée Musicale*, for the introduction of rising Artists and performances of new Compositions, Wednesday evening, March 24, at the Langham Hall. The next ballot for New Members is fixed for Monday, March 1. Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of joining the Society may have prospectus and full particulars on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec. 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT begs to announce that her Annual GRAND MATINÉE MUSICALE, under Distinguished Patronage, will take place soon after Easter. Full particulars will be duly announced.—38, Oakley Square.

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"THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR."
"TELL ME NOT MY LOVE WILL CHANGE."
"THE MESSAGE."

MR GERARD COVENTRY will sing the above popular Songs, March 8, and following evenings, at the Royal Aquarium Concerts.

ASCHER'S "ALICE"

MRS JOHN CHESHIRE will perform ASCHER's popular arrangement of "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Bow and Bromley Institute, April 1.

"ALICE," by Ascher.

MRS JOHN CHESHIRE will play ASCHER's Fantasia on "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" (by desire) at Plymouth and Devonport, on the 9th and 10th of March next.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR HOOPER will sing ASCHER's Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Plymouth and Devonport, on the 9th and 10th March next (by desire).

"THE LADY OF THE LEA"

MDME LAURA BAXTER will sing HENRY SMART's popular Song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," on the 9th and 10th of March, at Plymouth and Devonport.

"THE MULETEER'S BRIDE"

MISS ANNETTA ZULIANI will sing WELLINGTON GUERNSEY's celebrated Cancione Espanole, "THE MULETEER'S BRIDE," This Evening, at the Birkenhead Subscription Concert, Birkenhead Assembly Rooms.

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"HER VOICE."

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IRVING'S RECEPTION.

On Saturday morning, 14th February, 1880, at the Lyceum Theatre the *Merchant of Venice* completed, for the first time since its original production, a run of one hundred performances. The occasion was remarkable, and Mr Irving signalized it by a remarkable banquet. Certain guests were bidden to a supper in the theatre, to be held on the evening of the 14th, and much curiosity was abroad as to the probable nature of the entertainment. Mr Irving has been in the habit of doing whatever he has undertaken with a singular completeness; and, as a judicious secrecy was observed by his staff, and as there were no apparent signs of preparation, a good deal of speculation was afloat as to what he intended to do and how he intended doing it. The *Merchant of Venice* was played twice on the Saturday with its usual perfection of organization and machinery; at 11 o'clock the curtain fell on the elaborate set of Portia's garden with terrace at Belmont, and at nine minutes before midnight the head of a procession of over three hundred guests entered upon the stage. In the fifty-one minutes which elapsed a very remarkable transformation had been effected. All the paraphernalia of the stage and the piece had been removed, and over the whole vacant space, of some 4000 square feet, rose an immense pavilion of white and scarlet bands, looped around the walls with tasteful draperies and lit by two gigantic chandeliers, whose hundreds of lights in lily shaped bells of muffled glass, shone with a soft and starry radiance, and by the twinkling gleams of many hundreds of wax candles which rose in clusters from the long tables. The transformation was so magically effected, and displayed such thoroughness of organization in all concerned, that to those interested in the practical working out of effects, some details may not come amiss. In seven and a half minutes the stage was cleared to the bare walls and in fifteen minutes the pavilion was erected, the chandeliers were hung, and the stage servants, some hundreds strong, reinforced by the manipulators of the pavilion, retired in favour of Messrs Gunter, who put another army in the field, over one hundred strong. In the meantime the guests were assembling. Entering the private doorway in Exeter Street, they passed through a passage crimson carpeted, gracious with graceful palms and many coloured flowers piled along the sides and up the margin of the staircase. Through a curtained door they entered the armoury of the theatre, itself a picture, with its gleaming arms of every kind and date: pikes, helmets, breastplates, whole suits of plate and chain armour, swords of every make and date, all arrayed in admirable order, shields, racks of muskets, and all the paraphernalia of the various pieces Mr Irving has produced. From thence they passed into the reception-room, which was none other than the club-room of the old Beefsteak Club, enlarged to its fullest extent, with Tudor arches and groined ceiling, its oaken panelled walls of soft green, rich with choice paintings, conspicuous among which was Long's work of Irving as Richard III. The room was set with beautiful furniture of various periods, a number of high palms and graceful foliage plants placed in every corner, forming an admirable background for the mass of guests from whom arose a Babel of sound. At a few minutes before twelve the move to the supper-room took place, the host bringing with him Lord Houghton and Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, who sat at his right hand and his left, supported by the Earls of Dunraven, Fife, and Onslow, Lord Londesborough, Sir Frederick Pollock, Admiral Gordon, Sir Coutts Lindsay, Sir Henry Thompson, Sir Charles Young, Sir Gordon Cumming, Mr Philip Currie, Mr Tom Taylor, Mr J. L. Toole, Mr Alma Tadema, Mr W. G. Wills, Major General Hutchinson, Mr Bancroft, Mr T. Hughes, and a host of others. There were nine long tables, eight from the concealed footlights upwards, and one across. It was a very remarkable sight:—the huge pavilion with its myriad lights and brilliant lines and fairy-like melting distance, as the light of the theatre kept full ablaze, shone dimly through the canvas like starlight upon a summer sea; the great banner with its legend of crimson on a ground of grey velvet—"At first and last the hearty welcome,"—which hung on the tent wall opposite to the dais table, the beautiful grouping of palms and exotics which ranged the walls, and the wealth of flowers which graced the tables. Not merely these features were remarkable, but the elements of which the gathering was composed. One could not look in any direction without seeing dozens of faces of men conspicuous for their acts. Nearly every person within the inner

circle of British art was present, and the list of promised guests contains so many well-known names that we print it in full. Every phase and class of English life—art, science, law, medicine, army, commerce, literature, and politics—was represented, and in every case worthily. There seemed to be hardly a man present who had not shown cause in some way or other for his being. It must have been a proud moment for Mr Irving, as he sat at the head of his table, ringed round by all the leaders of his time, and granted the premier position in his chosen art by the suffrages of all. The supper was a very elaborate affair, and the *menu* was in every respect, from its turtle soup to its Heidsieck and Léoville of '74, a success. During the progress of the supper a quintet union discoursed soft and finished music, and at its close, when Mr Irving proposed the loyal toast, "The Queen and the Royal Family," a choir of boys voices broke out into the National Anthem. The music from the unseen musicians stole softly through the empty house, and fell on the ears of those within the pavilion with the quiet faintness of distance, which tones rather than weakens and suggests rather than declares. After the toast the attendants brought round books of the *Merchant of Venice*, as arranged by Mr Irving, specially prepared for the occasion. They were bound in white parchment and lettered in gold, the cover as well as the title-page containing the dates of the production of the piece at the Lyceum, and of the hundredth performance. In first page of each was printed in red letters the following quotation from *Richard II.* :—

"I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends."

Bound in the volume was the bill of the play for the evening. Presently Lord Houghton arose, amid a hush of expectation, to propose the one toast of the evening. He said :—

"This was a convivial and private meeting, but he was commanded to give them a toast—'The health of Mr Henry Irving and the Lyceum Theatre.' The occasion on which they met was a centenary of the performance of the *Merchant of Venice*. He did not like centenaries, but *Our Boys* had had a great many centenaries, and therefore our men should have more. *The Bells of Corneville* had been ringing on he did not know how many nights, and *The Bells of Alsace* nearly as many. For his part, looking back to the days of his youth, he preferred the arrangement by which the same pieces came on never more than twice a week, when one could see various actors in various rôles with various and additional interest; and he was not sure that the present system did not entail upon the performers great personal exertions almost to the injury of their health, and he was quite sure it could not be any great benefit to art. But things must be accepted as they were, and it was under that state of things that Mr Irving had accepted the management of that theatre, and he had done so under very favourable auspices, for dramatic art was popular with all classes. He had come also at a time when the stage was purified very much from the impurity, and it might be the scandal attaching to it before, so that the tradition of good breeding and high conduct was not confined to special families, like the Kembles, or to special individuals, like Young or Mr Irving himself, but had spread over the larger part of the whole profession, so that families of condition were ready to allow their sons, after a university education, to enter the dramatic profession. There had been a school of historians who had taken upon themselves to rehabilitate all the great villains of the world. These historians made Nero and Tiberius only a little diverted from their benevolent intention, either by the wish to promote order amongst their people or by an inordinate love of art. They made Richard III. a most amiable sovereign, particularly fond of nephews, while French historians showed that Marat and Robespierre were only prevented from regenerating the human race by their dislike to shedding human blood. While upon that stage they had seen a rehabilitation something of the same nature, for the old Jew, Shylock, who was regarded usually as a ferocious monster, whose sole desire was to avenge himself in the most brutal manner on the Christians of his neighbourhood, had become a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion, with the manners of a Rothschild, and not more ferocious than became an ordinary merchant of the period, afflicted with a stupid, foolish servant, and a wilful, pernicious daughter; and the process went on till the Hebrew gentleman, led by a strange chance into the fault of wishing to vindicate in his own person the injuries of centuries of wrong to his ancestors, is foiled by a very charming woman; but he, nevertheless, retired as the avenger of the wrongs of centuries heaped upon his race, accompanied by the tears of women and the admiration of men. He could quite imagine if Mr Irving chose to personate Iago

he would be regarded, not as a violent, but as a very honest man, only devoted to the object of preserving the honour of his wife; or if he chose to resume the character of Alfred Jingle he would, instead of a disreputable character, go down to posterity as nothing more than an amiable young man who wished to marry the maiden aunt and give her some of the joys of married life. But there was one character which Mr Irving would never pervert or misrepresent, and that was his own. He would always show in the management of his theatre the dramatic spirit which his country demanded. He would always be the true artist, loving art for its own sake, following in the personalities which he represented no mere dramatic form, not merely tradition, but carrying out as best he could the high forms of his own great imagination. They would see him in his relations with others, as in the management of the theatre—and that was a very large relation—they would see him considerate to all about him, kind to and cognisant of the merits of others—a very difficult thing in all forms of art, and especially in the one Mr Irving occupied. He believed that under these circumstances Mr Irving would achieve a great name, and that when the children's children of those at that gathering were reading the dramatic annals of the present time, and found how highly the name of Mr Irving had been mentioned under all conditions of dramatic life, they would be proud to find from their family traditions that their progenitors had been there that night." The noble lord concluded by proposing *The health of Mr Irving*, which was drunk with enthusiasm, the guests rising to do honour to the toast.

The speech was not a happy one, nor in good taste for such an occasion—the celebration of the marked success of a play, and it seemed to disappoint the listeners till the last sentence or two, which they received with such applause as showed, by contrast, their dissatisfaction at the cynical mirth of the speaker. On rising to reply, Mr Irving was received with loud and continuous cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs, which, in the great expanse of the room, made a very peculiar effect. He said that it had been his intention not to afflict his guests with any long set-speeches. He had, however, been overruled by a dear and valued friend, who told him it was nonsense; that his health would have to be proposed, and who had undertaken to nominate the proposer. Lord Houghton had kindly undertaken the task, so that he had not been taken by surprise at the toast being given. He had been thinking of what to say in response, but as Lord Houghton had not, as he had anticipated, described him as the most extraordinary person that had ever trod the face of the earth, who had done wonders for dramatic art, and other things—not a bit of which he believed himself—his speech in reply had been knocked into a cocked hat. He was very much indebted, however, to Lord Houghton, for during his speech he had begun to think seriously about a play which he had in his possession—an admirable play in five acts—in blank verse. It was not by Lord Houghton, but perhaps by a friend of his. It was called *The After-Life of Shylock*. The last scene might be made singularly effective, Shylock returning to Belmont with a basket of lemons on his back. Being pathetically told in blank verse, he did not know but that this side of Shylock might be made interesting for all the tribe, and, as it was a very large one, their sympathy and countenance contributed a great deal towards the success of any play. They came from all parts to see the *Merchant of Venice*, and the only people who did not like it were the Germans. Seriously, however, he did not know how to thank them for the kind way in which they had responded to the toast; but, however, they could not at that hour discuss Shylock, for they were not a Shaksperian debating society. He desired on his own behalf, and as equally on behalf of one who was not present, but who had contributed so greatly to the success of the *Merchant of Venice*, and who, he could not but regret, was unable to grace that board with her wit and beauty, and, on behalf of all the Lyceum company, present and absent, to thank the noble lord for the kind and friendly manner in which he had spoken of them. There was not one of the company who was not pleased at the meeting to celebrate the hundredth performance of the *Merchant of Venice*. They all felt as modest and as grateful as he did himself that they should have been able to carry on the play so long, a result which he did not think could have been attained if Shylock had been the Whitechapel old gentleman which he has been sometimes represented, and which appeared to be the ideal of the character in the mind of my Lord Houghton, but which was certainly not his own conception. Though people would come to the thousandth representation of *The Corsican Brothers*, the *Merchant of Venice* was

proverbially an unpopular play, and they could only be grateful for the gifts which the gods had provided. Again, he must thank one and all of their guests for honouring them with their presence; and although they had not, as they did to the fair lady of Belmont, come from the four corners of the earth, to this place, they had certainly come from the four corners of Great Britain and Ireland. Looking round the tables he saw men of all stations and of all creeds; and knowing that they were allied by the ties of art and friendship, he believed that Shakspeare himself, if he could be present, would rejoice to think that the seed he had sown broadcast three centuries ago had borne such good fruit, and that the work which he had done for the sake of art brought fortune in its wake. He could not say more, in conclusion, than by repeating the beautiful words of Shakspeare:—

"I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends."

At the conclusion of his speech, which was delivered with grace and dignity, Mr Irving received a perfect ovation. All the guests stood up, and cheer after cheer, again and again repeated, rang through the pavilion. It was a sight not soon to be forgotten, and every actor in the room felt that the occasion had done much for the dignity of his art and the social status of the actor.

Immediately on the company's adjourning to the smoking-room Mr J. L. Toole, apparently dissatisfied with the tone and manner of the proposal of the toast of the evening, himself made a speech in reference to the occasion, and a more graceful, earnest, or generous setting forth of the views of himself and his brother actors could not have been given. The hearty approval and continuous applause which his eloquent words evoked did credit to artistic *esprit de corps*. The night was not long enough for their entertainment, for daylight came upon the company smoking in the Beefsteak Room whilst still unwilling to depart. So closed one of the most brilliant gatherings ever held under the auspices of dramatic art.

The following is the list of those who had accepted invitations:—

Hamilton Aidé, James Albery, J. K. Aston, J. F. Austin, J. Aitken, Davenport Adams, James Archer, A. Andrews, J. H. Allen, D. Anderson, Serjeant Ballantine, S. B. Bancroft, F. C. Burnand, Right Hon. Justice Barry, J. Brodie, R.S.A., W. Ashmead Bartlett, E. L. Blanchard, J. Billington, Lionel Brough, E. Bendall, Sir Julius Benedict, R. Becker, A. a Beckett, T. Beale, Peter Berlyn, H. J. Byron, F. Barnard, R. Shirley Brooks, J. Bennett, B. Baker, J. Beveridge, A. Beaumont, F. Ashmead Bartlett, A. Branscombe, Jacob Bright, M.P., E. J. Broadfield, H. K. Barnett, J. H. Barnes, E. Brooke, A. Borthwick, C. Bernard, Captain Ward Bennett, Sir W. Gordon Cumming, Bart., Saville Clarke, Comyns Carr, A. Critchett, G. Critchett, Claude Carton, Dutton Cook, H. B. Conway, T. Catling, Arthur Cecil, Professor Sidney Colvin, Under-Sheriff Crawford, — Cattermole, W. Cuthbert, H. Cuthbert, Hawes Craven, Hay Cameron, T. Chambers, J. Chambers, J. Child, J. B. Chatterton, Dillon Croker, Philip Currie, C. Cooper, F. Cooper, Arthur Chappell, J. Chute, J. Carter, W. Calvert, J. Cowen, M.P., Hamilton Clarke, C. H. Compton, John Clayton, G. Case, the Earl of Dunraven, L. W. Dowling, E. Dicey, A. J. Duffield, J. W. Davison, W. Duncan Davison, A. Darbyshire, Charles Dickens, H. Dickens, C. Doherty, G. Derlacher, B. Dalton, A. Elwood, the Earl of Fife, G. Manville Fenn, Johnston Forbes Robertson, Forbes Robertson, J. Fernandez, Percy Fitzgerald, D.L., Luke Fildes, A.R.A., C. Fraser, Gilbert Farquhar, Horace Farquhar, F. D. Finlay, J. Fullylove, H. Forester, H. Ferrand, Norman Forbes, Admiral Gordon, W. Grapel, Corney Grain, G. Grossmith, sen., G. Grossmith, jun., Dundas Gardiner, H. Goodban, Dundas Grant, J. Ganthony, Herbert Gardner, Gay Drew, H. Graves, R. de T. Gould, Lord Houghton, Major-General Hutchinson, W. Hardman, J. Howard, W. Hann, Major Hughes Hallett, John Hare, Frank Hill, Wentworth Haysche, J. B. Howard, F. W. Hawkins, John Hollingshead, Joseph Hatton, E. W. Hennell, Captain Talbot Harvey, Rowland Hill, W. H. Hafton, H. Howe, J. Hurst, Thomas Hughes, M.P., George Honey, J. Harwood, Sidney Hodges, Charles Hudson, T. Harrison, Charles Harcourt, J. Harper, Gilbert Highton, Fortescue Harrison, M.P., David James, L. T. Jennings, W. S. Johnson, R. Jackson, H. J. Jennings, Blanchard Jerrold, S. Johnson, Edmund Johnson, Richard Jeffs, Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, Joseph Knight, E. L. Knapp, W. Beatty Kingston, W. H. Kendal, James Knowles, H. Kemble, Charles Kelly, C. Lamb Kenney, C. Kinsman, Lord Londesborough, Sir Baldwin Leighton, Bart., M.P., Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., F. W. Lawson, Jonas Levy, R. Halkett Lord, E. Long, A.R.A., Edward Legge, E. Ledger, E. Y. Lowne, George Lewis, Walter Lacy, Henry Labouchere, H. J. Loveday, G. B. Loveday, Cosmo

Logie, W. R. Lawson, H. Louther, Arthur Lewis, J. Lathan, Hon. F. Lawley, W. A. Leggatt, Henry S. Leigh, Morell Longden, Henry Lee, Richard Lee, J. B. Monckton, Dr Morell Mackenzie, Frank Marshall, T. Meller, Frank Miles, J. McHenry, C. Mathews, Justin McCarthy, M.P., J. H. McCarthy, C. Millward, Arthur Matthison, J. Maclean, Frankfort Moore, J. McDermott, T. Mead, W. McTurk, Douglas Murray, P. Middlemist, J. Mortimer, F. Mackenzie, A. Mitchell, Alderman Nottage, Henry Neville, T. Northcott, Dr Nedley, H. Nicholson, the Earl of Onslow, John O'Connor, E. J. O'Dell, W. Orchardson, R.A., H. Oliver, Captain Onslow, Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart, Walter Pollock, F. Pollock, E. Pinches, J. C. Parkinson, T. Purnell, L. D. Powles, E. F. Pellew, Baden Pritchard, Dr Peele, A. Pinero, H. Payne, Val Prinsep, A.R.A., A. Paterson, J. Pettie, R.A., H. Paul, J. Rodgers, J. Ryder, R. Reece, C. M'Rae, E. Russell, H. Russell, A. Roche, A. Rantegger, G. Rignold, Desmond Ryan, Brinley Richards, Sir Bruce Seton, Bart., Dr Max Schlesinger, Clement Scott, Palgrave Simpson, T. Swinbourne, Bram Stoker, G. W. Smalley, E. Saker, E. M. Selwyn, C. A. Smily, E. Swanborough, A. Swanborough, R. Soutar, Talbot Smith, W. Spottiswoode, Linley Lambourne, J. Sapsford, J. D'A. Samuda, C. G. Sinclair, Herbert Stack, W. Sawyer, Samuel Smiles, LL.D., A. Stirling, Soulsby, J. L. Toole, C. W. Thompson, W. Tinsley, Tom Taylor, W. Tebbin, Alfred Thompson, J. Thorley, L. Alma Tadema, R.A., John Tenniel, Thomas Thorne, Dr W. Thomson, Isaac Tarry, S. Timmins, F. Tyars, A. Tapping, C. Tingay, J. M. Teesdale, Lionel Tennyson, Godfrey Turner, Fox Turner, Sir Henry Thompson, F. Toole, Hermann Vezin, W. Vaughan, W. H. Vernon, Hon. Lewis Wingfield, W. G. Willa, A. Stuart-Wortley, Horace Wigan, S. Walker, O. Wilde, W. Wilde, Hume Williams, A. E. T. Watson, Charles Warner, R. Wyndham, H. White, Dr Forbes Winslow, Montague Williams, Byron Weber, Sir Charles Young, Bart., Edmund Yates, T. H. Young, W. Yardley.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The students gave a concert of chamber music on Saturday evening, February 21, in the new concert-room of the institution in Tenterden Street. The following is the programme:—

Anthem (MS.), "The Angel of the Lord" (Caroline Moseley, student)—solos, Misses Amy Aylward and Marian McKenzie (Parepa-Rosa scholar); Duet, "For the youth who owns this bosom," *Jessonda* (Spohr)—Misses M. Cornish (*Jessonda*) and Paget (Amazilli); Dix-sept Variations sérieuses, in D minor, Op. 54 (Mendelssohn)—pianoforte, Miss Cantelo; Song (MS.), "The Whisper of the Wind" (Dinah Shapley, student)—Mr B. Davies; Motet, female voices, "Laudate pueri" (Mendelssohn)—semi-chorus, Mrs Egerton Brownlow, Misses Amy Aylward, May Bell, Fisher, Goodwin, M. Jones, M. S. Jones, Emilie Lloyd, Marian McKenzie, Dinah Shapley, Kate Steel, E. Thomas, Hilda Wilson, Woolley, Constance Wyld; Fantasia, Adagio, and Fugue, in C (J. S. Bach)—organ, Mr Walter Hughes; Song, "The mighty trees bend" (Schubert)—Miss Constance Wyld; Ballade, in G minor, Op. 23 (Chopin)—pianoforte, Miss Nancy Evans; Song (MS.), "The Flower Girl" (J. Stirling Dyce, student)—Miss May Bell; Adagio, from 9th Concerto, in D minor (Spohr)—violin, Mr F. Arnold; Motet, female voices, "Veni Domine" (Mendelssohn)—semi-chorus, Mrs Egerton Brownlow, Misses Amy Aylward, May Bell, Fisher, Goodwin, M. Jones, M. S. Jones, Emilie Lloyd, Marian McKenzie, Dinah Shapley, Kate Steel, E. Thomas, Hilda Winslow, Woolley, Constance Wyld; Prelude and Toccata, in D minor, Op. 57 (Vincent Lachner)—pianoforte, Mr C. T. Corke; Song (MS.), "The Last Sleep" (Charlton T. Speer, student)—Mr Arthur Jarratt; Part-song, "Daybreak," first time of performance, and Hunting Song, "Up, up! ye dames" (Walter Macfarren). Conductor, Mr Walter Macfarren; accompanists, Miss Dinah Shapley, Messrs R. Harvey Lohr and Morton; organ, Mr Charlton T. Speer.

The next orchestral concert is announced to take place in St James's Hall on Saturday, March 20th, under the direction of Mr Walter Macfarren.

BERLIN.—Mlle Helene Ernst, whose father, now manager of the Stadttheater, Cologne, was formerly stage-manager at the Royal Operahouse here, has made a tolerably successful debut at the last-named establishment as Agathe in *Der Freischütz*.—The series of Subscription Concerts at the Singacademie was brought to a close by a fine performance of Handel's *Saul*.—Among the pianists who have lately given concerts here are Herren Bülow, Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, Moszkowski, and Heymann.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

We have been very dull of late, but at last we have been roused up—first of all by the Carnaval Bal-Masqués at the theatre and the production of *Peau d'âne*, a "Grande Fêerie in 20 tableaux, 300 costumes nouveaux, 20 décorations nouvelles de Paris, trucs et machines, ballets réglés, par M. Grietens de Lyons, and mise-en-scène de Paris." The first night was Feb. 14 (Valentine's Day), and the manager may be congratulated on a real success. Departing from the usual rule of four performances per week, M. de Joly has placed at the head of his large posters: "Tous les soirs, *Peau d'âne*." All the artists of the winter troupe take part in the performance, assisted by a corps de ballet and supernumeraries ad libitum. Among the former were Mlle Béla, who assumes the rôle of the "jolie princesse," and pays the penalty of wearing, for a year and a day, the title rôle garment; Mlle Andrea, a charmante petite diablesse; M. Béard, always comic; and M. Soufflet, le pauvre père: while among the latter, the dancing of M. and Mlle Grietens, Mlles Jennevin-Lebreton, Angelina, and Fracine, with nymphs galore, must not be overlooked. Altogether, with 150 on the stage, the scenery and tricks (under the direction of M. de Winten), deserve great credit. True, the extravaganza did not overtax the singers of airs familiar to old frequenters of the Porte St Martin, who would remember the *Peau d'âne* years ago. The piece will run till Sunday week, Feb. 29.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, 18th Feb.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The production of a sestet for stringed instruments by the recently much talked about Bohemian composer, Anton Dvorak, gave special interest to Monday evening's programme. All previously known of the Bohemian composer's music in this country was his *Slavische Tanze*, introduced not very long since at one of the Saturday Concerts in the Crystal Palace. Some influential authorities in Germany, such as Brahms, Joachim, and Taubert among artists, Ehler and Hanslick among critics, have taken much notice of him and his works, so much, indeed, as to open a path for him in which he may tread with honour and profit; whereas in his own country, although the author, *inter alia*, of three national operas in the Czechish language, he had a hard struggle to win even a modest subsistence. It was not a bit too soon for a turn of luck to come to him, seeing that, born in 1841, he is already in his fortieth year. To one of his staunchest patrons, Herr Joachim, the London musical public are indebted for hearing the sestet in A major at Mr Arthur Chappell's concerts, and the fact of Herr Joachim's leading its performance here, as he had already done in Berlin, conducted in no small measure to the hearty reception awarded the other night by an audience that crowded St James's Hall. Opinions with regard to the absolute merits of the work are, nevertheless, considerably at variance. While original in design, if not always so in melodic invention, it is far too elaborately developed, considering the inherent worth of the ideas. The first movement, which is the longest, is also, we think, the feeblest, the themes being vaguely defined and spun out to a length wholly out of proportion with their pretensions. The three movements which follow have all decided character, more particularly the one entitled "Dumka" ("Elegy"), the leading *motivo* of which, though quite Bohemian in melody and rhythm, is extremely quaint and pretty. That the sestet created a marked impression on the majority of hearers is unquestionable; and that it was played to admiration by Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, and their four confederates—MM. Ries, Straus, Zerbini, and Pezze—will easily be credited. On the whole it must be allowed that an acceptable addition has been made to the repertory of the Popular Concerts, already stocked with good things. Another feature at this concert was Mr Charles Halle's finished and masterly performance of Beethoven's Sonata in D, Op. 28, to which Cranz, the Hamburg publisher, without Beethoven's consent or knowledge, gave the title of *Sonata Pastorale*, as also of a gavotte from one of the *suites* of Bach, which he played in answer to an "encore." The singer was Mr Max Friedlander. For this day's concert we are promised, thanks to Herr Ludwig Straus (who is heard too rarely), Cherubini's quartet in D minor (No. 3).

WELSH MUSICAL SCHOLARSHIP.

We have great pleasure in inserting the subjoined further appeal made by Mr John Thomas in so good a cause; and we sincerely hope that it may be the means of enabling him to successfully accomplish the task he has patriotically undertaken:—

"Permanent Scholarship for Wales at the Royal Academy of Music, London; to be competed for by Candidates from all parts of the Principality, and to be open alternately to Vocalists and Instrumentalists."

"ONE THOUSAND POUNDS REQUIRED."

"Mr John Thomas, having succeeded in collecting over four hundred pounds towards the above scheme, is encouraged to make a further appeal to his compatriots, in the hope of realizing the thousand pounds required for its endowment. He therefore addresses himself especially to members of choral societies, promoters of Eisteddfodau, and all lovers of music in the Principality, to assist in establishing this permanent scheme for educating young Welsh musicians, possessing ample musical talent, but no means for its cultivation. The scholarship is intended to give each successful candidate three years' musical education at the Royal Academy of Music; so that, at the termination of the period of each scholarship, another educated musician may be added to those who have already distinguished themselves, and are indebted to that institution for the high position they occupy in their profession. Four hundred pounds are already invested in Consols, in the names of the following trustees:—Mr John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia), Professor George Macfarren (Principal of the Royal Academy of Music), and Dr John Williams, London. Subscriptions (which will be duly acknowledged, and lists published from time to time) to be forwarded to

"MR JOHN THOMAS (Pencerdd Gwalia),
"Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen,

"St David's Day, 1880. 53, Welbeck Street, London, W.

"P.S.—Cards (endorsed) will be forwarded to all those who kindly undertake to collect subscriptions amongst their friends."

A LADY FLAUTIST.

Vienna, Feb. 24.

At length we have a variety in the grand concert market: Signora Bianchini, a virtuosa on the flute! "*Sie ist die Erste nicht*" ("She is not the first"), says Mephisto. In the year 1827 a M^r. Rousseau, and between 1830 and 1840 a M^{lle}. Lorenzina Meyer, played the flute in public here. Since then the strange phenomenon was not repeated; nay, even male flute-players have become very scarce. How and when an instrument achieves popularity in the concert-room, becomes fashionable, and then goes out of fashion, is one of the most interesting things in musical history. "Travelling virtuosos" upon a wind instrument are now extremely uncommon; at the close of the last, and at the commencement of the present century, they held their own equally with other concert-givers. To-day the piano has seized not only on the supremacy, but nearly on exclusive sway, and driven the other instruments, save the violin and also the violoncello, out of the concert-room into the orchestra. Formerly the flute was such a favourite with amateurs and concert-givers, that composers could not write enough for it, and we read in Werden's *Musikalisches Taschenbuch* for 1803: "For all instruments capable of beautiful expression there are concertos in large numbers, but more for the flute than for any other." Beethoven wrote spontaneously in 1801 to the Leipzig publisher, Hoffmeister, that he should like to arrange his Septet for the flute: "this would be rendering a service to lovers of that instrument, who would swarm around and feed upon the work." How quickly have the tables been turned! Between 1840-50 we had in Vienna only two non-local virtuosos on the flute who performed with anything like success: Friccialdi and Heindl. Since then, that is for more than thirty years, concertos upon wind instruments have been dying out. In the ten years from 1855 to 1865, there were no non-local and only two local flautists, the brothers Doppler, as concert-givers here in Vienna. The above incomparable pair succeeded by their splendid concerted play in curing many a person of his antipathy for their instrument, and in permanently fascinating the public. They triumphantly put to shame the old joke: "What is a greater bore than a flute?—Answer: Two flutes," and now, on the contrary, a conviction that two were more

entertaining than one. At first people could only feel pleased that an end was put to their being flooded with concertos for the flute, the oboe, the bassoon, and the clarinet, because the place for these instruments, which require to be supplemented, as they themselves supplement others, is the orchestra, and because they possessed no literature of their own. The fearful manner in which the piano—an independent instrument, it is true, but more obtrusive than any other concert instrument—has taken the upper hand causes us now to entertain far more friendly feelings towards the dethroned wind-instrumentalists, and would, for example, find us perfectly willing to hear one of the best of C. M. von Weber's clarinette concertos performed by a first-rate virtuoso. With regard to our fair Venetian flautist, Maria Bianchini, her performance on her difficult instrument was well worthy of commendation. Her *embouchure* is good; she has a long breath, and as powerful a tone as can justly be expected in a lady. The superior qualities of the "Böhm flute," which is easier to play and less fatiguing to the lungs, rendered her in these particulars good service. In her execution of the cantilena, she displayed much good taste, while in run-work she was rapid, certain, and elegant. She was especially successful in a Fantasia by Franz Doppler, the pleasing effect of which is enhanced by the exotic charm of national Wallachian melodies. The unusual sight of a lady playing such an instrument did not strike people as so strange as we thought it would; Signora Bianchini, who has a tall figure and whose demeanour is characterised by sympathetic, unaffected simplicity, avoids the ugly contortions of the lips and short-breathed blowing which may so easily jeopardise the æsthetic effect of flute-playing. Managed as it was on the occasion in question, the flute is decidedly not an unfeminine instrument. Signora Bianchini was liberally applauded and her concert well attended. M^{lle}. Marie Keil, a clever vocalist, and M^{lle}. Josephine Ziffer, an interesting young pianist, received some very friendly encouragement. But much more boisterous was the applause bestowed on the singing of a barytone of elegant appearance, with a strong and agreeable voice. We feel indescribably comforted at not being compelled to say anything unfavourable of him, because, as we are informed, he is not a professional singer, but an assistant at one of the first chemists in Vienna. The mere fact that, in the exercise of his calling, he might be irritated and disturbed by an adverse newspaper criticism, makes us shudder. EDUARD HANSLICK.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programmes of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 26th, 1880:—

Overture, in F minor (No. 5 of Nine Organ Pieces) ...	G. Morandi.
Tempo di Minuetto from the Sonata for Violin and Piano-forte, in G major, Op. 30, No. 3 ...	Beethoven.
Prelude on the Choral, "O Lamm Gottes, unschuldig" ...	Bach.
Andante with Variations, in F major ...	W. T. Best.
Allegro from the Quartet in G minor ...	Spohr.
Marche Triomphale ...	Omer Guiraud.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 28th, 1880:—

Organ Concerto, in A major ...	Handel.
Andante from the Fourth Symphony ...	Haydn.
Passacaglia in C minor—Variations and Fugue on a Theme in the Bass ...	Bach.
Minuetto from the Symphony in G minor ...	Sir W. S. Bennett.
Meditation, "Devant l'Eglise" ...	Adolphe Adam.
War March from the oratorio of Gideon ...	C. E. Horsley.

Sig. Bottesini's *Ero e Leandro* has been performed at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, with Signora Turolla, Signori Stagno and Nannetti in the principal characters.

The reigning favourite at the St Petersburg Opera is now M^{lle}. Caroline Salla; but the season generally, as may be well believed, is anything but a bright one. *Lohengrin* has proved a failure.

Herr Joachim, after his performance of Beethoven's Concerto at the Brussels Conservatoire, was presented by the Minister of the Interior, in the name of the King, with the insignia of the Order of Leopold; and at the termination of the concert M. Gevaert, Principal of the Conservatoire, presented the eminent artist, in the name of the orchestra, with a superb gold medal as an artistic souvenir.



SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the hand of me body!
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! What?
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the beard of min' aunt!
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the pick of Father Tooth!
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Dem it! old fella!
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the bow'ls of min' ancestor!
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the toe of St Pathrick!
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Dem it!
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Dem the toe? Thread on my skirts—
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! no—blow the toe!
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Blow the toe? Skip a bog?
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Should like awfully, but dine with the O'Pummel—
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Foire and fury! I doine with Major O'Blazes. Come wid me!
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw! no. I must go to the O'Pummel—
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—'Ome rule and a song?
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Dem it! I've made it a stip—no home rule—no song, 'cept Carmen Mavourneen.
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Minnie Mavourneen? Hauky-Pauky Mavourneen?
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—A—i—da Mavourneen! Demnition! She's a shrew—
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Oi'd loike to smooth her down. Oi'd tame her! Be the joints of me bailiff!
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—You tame her? Aw!
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the pig of my tinant! Oi'd tame her!
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Thin—dem it!—then you must give her back Carmen, and Mignon, and Elsa, and—
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—And everything?—that would make an Oirish opera, not an English—
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—That—aw!—would make an English opera.
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—How, Sort?
 MR LAVENDER PITT (*deliberately*).—With Minnie Hauk, Maritana Gaylord, Arline Burnes, Thaddeus Maas and such fellas as Bolton, Ludwig and Crotty—strengthened—aw!—by C. Lyall, the Proteus of our day, who can change himself from nothing into anything—from anything to nothing—

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Be the shins of Pat Tarlington!—as he does with his pencil—
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—might, with King Arthur—
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Sullivan?
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Aw!—yes, and Gilbert—
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Brian de Bois?
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—and Gilbert—aw!—found—an English opera.
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—An opera, aw?
 MR LAVENDER PITT.—Too awfully good!—Carl Rosa is the man—aw!—to do it.
 SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—But he wont—he's Wagner-ridden. I'll subscribe if he does—bedad!

(Exit to Major O'Blazes.

MR LAVENDER PITT (*solus*).—And I—aw! Dem it!
 (Exit to the O'Pummel.

CARL ROSA'S OPERA COMPANY.

Perhaps no work has been brought out with more care, attention, and well-merited success by Mr Rosa than Verdi's *Aida*, in the English version supplied by Mr Henry Hersee, who has accomplished a not easy task with real ability. The distribution of characters is in almost every respect efficient. Miss Minnie Hauk, by the assumption of that of the Ethiopian Princess, has given fresh proof of the versatility for which she is justly renowned. It was difficult to picture to ourselves that the wayward gipsy whom we all admire in *Carmen*, and the petulant Katharine of *The Taming of the Shrew*, was the self-same artist now appealing to the house under the dusky aspect of *Aida*. Those, indeed, who had not seen and heard her as Mignon—or, still better, as Elsa—and, in fact, were only acquainted with her through the operas of Bizet and Goetz, must have felt as much surprised as gratified. The talent of this lady, however, is many-sided, and whatever she undertakes seems to come to her without effort. Miss Hauk has represented Verdi's interesting heroine abroad in more languages than one, and is evidently as familiar with the musical and dramatic requirements of the part as with those of any other in her *répertoire*. She must have studied it, in short, *au fond*, as though in love with her task. Being American, the English tongue is, of course, no impediment, and here accrues an advantage, not in the circumstances to be over-estimated. Avoiding unnecessary details, it may at once be stated that by this new attempt Miss Hauk added one more to her legitimate successes, and that she enlisted the sympathies of the house from the beginning of the opera to the end. If Mr Maas would throw a little more dignity into his bearing and a little more spirit into his acting a better Radames could hardly be wished. The music is well suited to his beautiful voice—a voice now with few equals—and he sings not only with ease and in perfect tune but with genuine expression. Miss Josephine Yorke, a somewhat over demonstrative Amneris, by less strenuous endeavours would succeed in proportion. She executes the music well, and only the one fault alluded to prevents her declamatory phrasing (as, for example, in the last scenes with Radames and the Priests) from becoming trebly effective. Time, however, and increased experience will doubtless remedy all this; for that Miss Yorke exhibits more than ordinary intelligence in all she does must be generally admitted—in proof of which the hearty applause invariably bestowed upon her efforts by the audience may be fairly cited. Mr Ludwig surprised many by the earnestness of his acting and the uniform correctness of his singing as Amonasro. Thus we had the four leading parts sustained as they ought to be sustained by chosen artists of Mr Rosa's Company. The members of the orchestra won credit alike for themselves and their zealous conductor, Signor Randegger, who appears to know the score of *Aida* by heart; the chorus, too, though, here and there, scarcely up to the mark on the first night, got through their task for the most part so well as to earn and merit warm acknowledgment. *Aida* has been played several times to crowded houses; and indeed, business generally has brightened up with the weather. It was to be given yesterday evening for the last appearance of Miss Hauk. Another week's performance will bring the season to an end.—*Graphic*.

The operas during the week have been *Aida*, *Mignon*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, the *Bohemian Girl*, and *Aida* (last night—for the last appearance of Minnie Hauk). To-day, *Mignon*, this evening, the *Lily of Killarney*, directed by Sir Julius Benedict himself.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTY-SECOND SEASON, 1879-80.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRTY-SECOND CONCERT OF THE SEASON

Will take place on

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 1, 1880.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

- PART I.
- DIVERTIMENTO, in B flat, for two violins, viola, two French horns, violoncello, and contrabass—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, ZERBINI, MANN, STANDEX, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI ... *Mozart.*
- RECIT. "Tyrannic love" ... *Handel.*
- AIR, "Ye verdant hills" ... *Handel.*
- Herr HENSCHEL.
- VARIATIONS on a Theme by Paganini, Op. 35, for pianoforte alone (first time)—Herr BARTH ... *Brahms.*
- PART II.
- CHACONNE, in D minor, for violin alone—Herr JOACHIM ... *Bach.*
- SONGS, "Nasce al bosco"—Mr SANTLEY ... *Henschel.*
- "So willst du des Argen" ... *Brahms.*
- Herr HENSCHEL.
- TRIO, in E flat, Op. 70, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—MM. BARTH, JOACHIM, and PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*
- Conductor—Mr ZERBINI.

FIFTEENTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT of the SEASON,

THIS DAY.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 28, 1880.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

- QUARTET, in D minor, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... *Cherubini.*
- SONG, "Nasce al bosco"—Mr SANTLEY ... *Handel.*
- CHARACTERISTIC PIECE, Op. 7, No. 6 ... *Mendelssohn.*
- BALLADE, in F, Op. 38 ... *Chopin.*
- For Pianoforte alone—Herr BARTH.
- TRIO, in D minor, Op. 63, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—MM. BARTH, STRAUS, and PIATTI ... *Schumann.*
- SONGS, "Two Blossoms" ... *Schumann.*
- "Montrose's Love Song" ... *Maude Valérie White.*
- Mr SANTLEY.
- INTRODUCTION and POLONAISE, in C major, Op. 3, for pianoforte and violoncello—Herr BARTH and Signor PIATTI ... *Chopin.*
- Conductor—Mr ZERBINI.

Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cock, 23, Holles Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street.

RICHARD WAGNER has been invited to the musical festival to be given at Rome in honour of Pier Luigi Palestrina.

MME CHRISTINE NILSSON's last performance at the Opera in Madrid was as Desdemona, for the benefit of the poor—a handsome leave-taking on the part of the gifted Swede.

MISS MINNIE HAWK leaves England for Naples to-morrow, to fulfil an operatic engagement, during which she is to sing in *Carmen*, *Mignon*, and other works. Her lease of English opera has been far too brief.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—At this afternoon's concert Herr Joachim is to play Spohr's twelfth violin concerto (in A), and, for the first time in England, a manuscript Air with Variations of his own composition. The second of Beethoven's symphonies (D major) will be included in the programme.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ played Beethoven's *Sonata Pastorale* to absolute perfection, both as regards style and mechanism. His masterly performance produced a marked effect, the prolonged applause culminating in two distinct re-calls, after which Mr Hallé resumed his place at the instrument, and played a "Gavotte" by Bach (from the *Suite* in B minor).—*Daily News.*

THE success of Mme Albani at the Brussels Théâtre de la Monnaie is recorded by the entire Press of the Belgian capital, from the *Indépendance Belge* to the *Gazette*. She has already sung in *Lucia* and *Rigoletto*. On stepping before the lamps as Lucia, she had scarcely a hand of recognition; but after the *cavatina* the ice was melted, and the audience were unanimous in their applause. This must console the accomplished lady for the shabby treatment of the Milanese.—*Graphic.*

DEATH.

On February 22nd, at 7, Marlborough Road, St. John's Wood, Mr JOSEPH STORWASSER, aged 77 years (father-in-law of Mr Wilhelm Ganz).

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

ANTON DVORAK'S SESTET.

THE opinions of some of your musical critics seem to be divided as to the merits of the sestet which was so greatly applauded at the Popular Concert of Monday evening. *The Times* speaks of it in the following eulogistic terms:—

"The sestet for strings in A, played last night, is numbered Op. 48, and is therefore one of Dvorak's latest and presumably maturest compositions. It is indeed the work of a master; and, more than this, it is replete with originality and genuine melodic invention. The first movement—*allegro moderato*—shows little or no trace of the national element above referred to. It might be the work of a German quite as well as of a Bohemian musician, and is essentially cast in the mould of Schumann's art. The second, theme, indeed, contains a palpable reminiscence from the first movement of the pianoforte quintet in E flat by that master. The opening melody, however, is full of placid beauty, and the "working out" of the materials is as interesting as it is masterly, the general character of the piece being more quiet than is general in an opening *allegro*. In the second movement the nationality of the composer asserts itself powerfully. It is entitled 'Dumka' ('Elegy'), and is full of the dreamy sadness peculiar to the Slavonic races. Typically national is the marked rhythm of the beautiful opening theme, emphasized by the *pizzicato* of the 'celli. Here also we meet with the interval of the superfluous second (E flat to F sharp), often found in Eastern music. Nothing more pathetic can be imagined than the adagio in F sharp minor, 'quasi tempo di marcia,' which ensues after the first theme has been finished, and is in its turn followed by a short intermezzo in the major key which leads back to the first theme. The only charge that could be made against this beautiful piece is a certain want of structural coherence, the themes following each other without any obvious necessity. This could have been avoided if after the episode in F sharp major the march theme had been repeated, in which case the former would have assumed the character of a trio, the whole piece thus gaining the organic consistency which at present it lacks. The scherzo bears the curious sub-title of 'Furiante,' a word more than once found in Dvorak's vocabulary, and for the etymology of which he must be responsible. Its meaning, however, is obvious enough from the character of the piece, in which fun and humour continue fast and furious from beginning to end. Here, again, a certain national type of the melodies adds to the charm of the conception. The last movement is an interesting air with five variations (among which No. 3 is the most charming), followed by a short finale, the latter more brilliant than original. As a whole, however, the final piece well sustains the character of its predecessors, although it is certainly less sympathetic than the adagio and less spirited than the scherzo. To sum up, Dvorak's sestet produced a most favourable impression. It alone would be sufficient to secure him a place with Tchaikoffski, Svendsen, Grieg, and other young composers of great talent who have turned the musical resources of their nations to excellent account. For the execution of the sestet by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Zerbini, Pezze, and Piatti, we have nothing but unqualified praise."

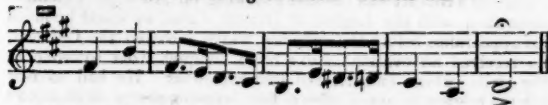
On the other hand, the *Daily News* is just as disparaging in its general estimate of the work, as may be seen from the subjoined remarks:—

"This week's concert included the first performance here of a sestet for stringed instruments, by Anton Dvorak, a Bohemian composer, whose music has lately attracted notice in Germany. Judging from this work, his tendency is towards the excessive prolongation, tedious diffuseness, and over-elaboration of themes scarcely worth even the briefest treatment, which are frequent characteristics of the music of young Germany. By the many

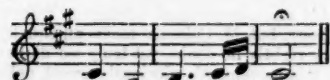
admirers of this school, indefiniteness and obscurity seem to be readily accepted as profundity of thought, and wearisome reiteration as fertility of imagination. By the class referred to, Herr Dvorak's sextet is doubtless considered a work of genius; to us it had the effect of being an unshapely mass of dull, persistent labour. The first allegro starts with a few bars of agreeable melody, which are soon submerged by a deluge of pretentious commonplace, the opening phrases occasionally struggling to show themselves again for a brief interval above the dark waters which immediately close over them. The 'Poco Allegretto,' in D minor, entitled 'Dunka' ('Elegy') also begins pleasingly with a simple melodic phrase with some national colouring, but its simplicity is soon tortured into confused complexity. The movement called 'Furiant'—in the original key of the work (A major)—is like a travesty of the *Allegretto Scherzando* of Beethoven's first 'Rasoumowsky' quartet. The best portion of the sextet is the finale, an air with variations. The theme has some grace—although occasionally distorted by strained progressions—and the variations are clever, albeit rather uninteresting. The sextet was received throughout with applause; a result that was at least partly owing to its admirable performance by Herr Joachim, Mr L. Ries, Herr Straus, Mr Zerbini, Sig. Pezze, and Sig. Piatti."



Between two such authorities we have no pretension to decide. Nevertheless, we have also an opinion, derived from some knowledge of the sextet. "In medio tutissimus?"—asks the reader. By no means; our opinion is that Dvorak, a Kralup Bohemian, without being Moldavian *quand même*, was early soured in the waters of the Moldau. *Hinc &c.* Fra Angelo, when in a communicative mood, will uncover and disclose what remains for uncovering and disclosing. He hath the secret from a "book of nigromancy" compiled by Blaise, master of Ambrose Merlin the Arthurian nigromancer. Ponder this:—



—and this:—



Then cast your book upon the waters, and observe the result. Truth lies at the bottom of a well; in *medio*—assuredly not. What saith Wolzogen Rubinstein of the Leaves? *Thus far—but no further!* Both critics should consult Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*. It must be borne in mind that we live in a period of seismic intensity. E. Querr.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Early impressions seldom bear the test of a new experience. My earliest impression of Haydn was a crutch and toothpick impression, an impression of being awfully bored. I now find him delightful, and he is one of my prime favourites. My earliest impression of Spohr was an impression of ecstasy; I thought there was nothing in the world like him. I now rejoice, though still a great admirer, that there are not nearly so many like him (more or less) as there were wont to be. My earliest impression of Mendelssohn was that the gods had unanimously chosen him as their adopted son and minstrel, to while away leisure hours when they were not making lightning and thunder on their own account. By the "gods," you guess, I signify Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven (when Mendelssohn flashed on the horizon I had come to know Haydn); that impression remains. My earliest impression of Clementi was that he was dry as Cherubini; that impression remains. Thus there are two "cons" and two "pros"—explain it who can. I await your reply and am yours respectfully,

THOMAS ADDER (M.D.).

[Dr Adder should read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.—D. B.]

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ITALY seems to be out of humour with opera and operatic singers. But lately, at the Teatro Fenice, Venice, even Gounod's *Faust* was violently hissed, and the opera was not allowed to finish. What next?

VERDI is in Paris to superintend the rehearsals and direct the first performances of the French version of his *Aida*, which M. Vaucorbeil is bringing out. Verdi was present at the performance of *Hamlet*, and expressed himself highly pleased with M. Maurel, who is to be his Amonasro, and Mdle Bloch, who is to be his Amneris; *Aida* will be represented by Mme Kraus (a somewhat robust Ethiopian Princess).

THE coming of Joseph Joachim assures us that not only novel-ties of interest, not only his own inimitable performances of Bach and Beethoven—the composers after his heart, as they were after the heart of Mendelssohn, the "time-beater" (so venerated) of his early youth—but sterling things too rarely brought forward, will be heard. Already he has given us an important novelty, in a sextet for stringed instruments, by Anton Dvorak, who, while one says "this" and the other says "that," steps upon the platform on his own account, demanding a judgment of his sextet on its merits, an appeal to which—doubtless in some measure owing to the charm of a truly eloquent interpretation on the part of Herr Joachim and his worthy fellows—the public respond by unmistakable signs. And now to-day, at the Crystal Palace, we are promised, among sterling things too rarely played, Spohr's 12th concerto (in A major), besides an Air with Variations composed by the great violinist himself, and introduced for the first time to the public—at least to the public of England. It is a pity that Herr Joachim does not write more. What, by the way, has become of his duets for viola and pianoforte which he used to play with Ferdinand Hiller? And what has become of a certain quartet?

THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.

Messrs Rivington have published a new and revised edition of the Rev. Malcolm McColl's letters on the Passion Play, which appeared originally in the *Times*. The publication is opportune, as the performance takes place again this year. In his preface to the new edition, Mr McColl says:—

"I have just received from Ober-Ammergau the following particulars of this year's representations of the play. It will be acted on the following days:—May 17, 23, 30; June 6, 13, 16, 20, 24, 27; July 4, 11, 18, 25; August 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; September 5, 8, 12, 19, 26. The principal *dramatis personae* are:—Christ, Joseph Maier; Virgin Mary, Anastasia Krach; John, Johann Zwink; Peter, Jacob Hett; Judas, Gregor Lechner; Mary Magdalene, Maria Lang; Pilate, Thomas Rendl; Caiaphas, Johann Lang; Herod, Johann Rutz; Annas, Seb. Deschler; Nathaniel, Seb. Lang; Joseph of Arimathea, Martin Oppenrieder; Nicodemus, Franz Steinbacher; Rabbi, Seb. Bauer; Choragus, Johann Diemer.

"A new theatre has been built, which holds 4,500 persons, and is, like that of 1870, uncovered, with the exception of the reserved seats, which are more commodious than those of 1870. The costumes and decorations are new. The railway from Munich is now advanced to Murnau, which is 24 kilometres (three hours' drive) from Ober-Ammergau. The telegraph, moreover, now puts Ober-Ammergau in direct communication with the outer world."

MR KUBE's annual Brighton Festival (the tenth since its establishment) comes to an end to-day with a performance of *The Messiah*. We propose briefly reviewing in our next issue the whole proceedings, from the 17th to the 28th of February (inclusive). There were in all nine performances, under the Dome of the Royal Pavilion—six evening and three morning. Enough for the present to add that there is cause for believing that the Festival was a real success, and that the well-known liberality and good management of Mr Kube have neither been unacknowledged nor unrewarded. He is certainly the most daring and adventurous *entrepreneur* Brighton has ever known, and as such merits the consideration and support of the whole of the music-lovers in London-on-Sea, whether habitual residents, temporary visitors, or simply excursionists. The "metropolis" wafts him encouragement from the Thames Embankment.

CONCERT.

At Mr and Mrs Furlong's evening concert on Saturday evening, February 14, at Steinway Hall, the concert-givers were assisted by Mrs Osgood, Miss Damian, Mr D'Egville, vocalists; Misses Kate Lyon and Rosa Schönewald, pianists; Herren Prutz and Lait, violinists; Herr Greiffenhagen, violoncellist. Mr and Mrs Furlong sang a duet entitled "Una notte a Venezia," and the solos in the "Miserere" from *Il Trovatore*. Mrs Furlong gave Molloy's "Jamie"; and Mr Furlong, Hatton's "Good bye, sweetheart"; the two joining Miss Damian and Mr D'Egville in Walter Macfarren's "You stole my love," the last piece in the programme. Mrs Osgood's contributions were Lady Lindsay's "Summer story" and Roedel's "That traitor love"; while Miss Damian introduced Cowen's "Better Land" and Molloy's "Clang of the wooden shoon;" Mr D'Egville adding "The sailor's grave," by Sullivan, and Abt's "Still is the night." The instrumental pieces were an *Adagio* and *Rondo* by Schubert, Beethoven's quartet in E flat for pianoforte and strings (Miss Schönewald, Herren Prutz, Lait and Greiffenhagen), a Fantasia on *Faust*, by Kotski, and a Caprice by Ketten (Miss Kate Lyons). The concert afforded unqualified satisfaction.

PROVINCIAL.

BELFAST.—The Choral Association gave its second concert in the Ulster Hall on Friday evening, the 20th inst. The house was very well filled, almost every seat being occupied. The conductor, Mr W. J. Kempton received a hearty welcome, and began the concert with the chorus "Spring with fairy foot" (Rossini). The style in which this was rendered by the members (who muster about 160) showed the excellent training the voices had received. Some of the other part-songs were of a more trying character, but all gave satisfaction to the audience, the last, "The Norse Queen's Gift" (W. Hay), receiving a unanimous encore. The leading artists were Signors Campobello, Urio and Camerana, Mdme Sinico Campobello, Mdle Galatzin (cello), the Sisters Douste (pianists), and Miss Ward (contralto). The singers were in good voice, and Mdme Sinico Campobello and Signors Campobello and Urio fully sustained their reputation. Miss Ward, contralto, of Dublin, a promising young artist, sang with much taste and feeling. The instrumentalists were highly successful, Mdle Galatzin especially. The clever performance of Mdles Douste (young children), as soloists and duettists, elicited hearty approval, and promise excellent things for the future. The committee deserve credit for the variety of the programme, the talent secured, and the generally excellent arrangements.

LIVERPOOL (from a Correspondent).—An entirely new comedietta, in one act, called *Second Thoughts are Best*, was very recently produced by the Fairfield Amateur Dramatic Club, at their theatre in Coleridge Street, Kensington, with a success that admitted of no denial. The author is Mr J. H. Nightingale, an old and highly-esteemed Liverpool journalist, and, if I remember well, for long years an able and diligent correspondent of more than one journal published in London—where, by the way, also, if memory does not deceive me, in the days of the Fielding Club, he was on terms of intimacy with some of the foremost wits, humourists, and lettered men of that never-to-be-forgotten period. That he had gained considerable experience in writing for the stage is generally known. He not only co-operated with other popular authors, but wrote pieces exclusively his own, such as *Off to the Diggings*, *May and December*, &c. That he still retains the racy spirit for which he was noted is amply proved by *Second Thoughts are Best*, to the success of which the local press bears testimony. The *Courier*, the *Post*, the *Mail*, and the *Liberal Review*, all give favourable notices, and, so far as I am able to judge, not a bit more favourable than the merits of the comedietta warrant. "*Second Thoughts are the Best*"—says the *Courier* (to quote one example)—"turns upon the troubles of a young husband, who, during the honeymoon, is weak enough to enter on a course of subterfuge to hide from his wife an ante-nuptial flirtation at Scarborough. The 'second thoughts' that prove to be 'best' are those which compel him to disclose the whole circumstances, and receive pardon; before this is effected, however, the necessary incidents of the plot, which are ingenious and diverting, being, of course, accomplished. Mr Nightingale some years ago contributed several pieces to the stage, which hit very successfully the popular taste of the day. His present effort is neatly conceived and brightly written, and well deserves to take rank among permanent 'levers-de-rideau.' The characters are thoroughly well sustained by Mr J. B. Cooper, Miss Florence Courtenay (a daughter of the spirited director of our Amphitheatre), Mr T. W. Pemberton, Miss Arthur, and Mr Marsden."

NORWICH (from a Correspondent).—At the first concert (17th season) of the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Union, on the evening of the 19th inst., it being Lent, the programme was chiefly

composed of sacred and almost entirely of serious music. A prominent feature was Haydn's *Passion-Music* ("The Seven Last Words of our Redeemer on the Cross"), the general performance of which was highly creditable to the leading artists, Misses Bessie Hill and Bertha Alden, Messrs H. J. Minns and F. C. Newman, and to the orchestra which accompanied them. On the same occasion a new setting of the "De Profundis" (130th Psalm), from the pen of Dr Bunnett, founder and conductor of the Society, was introduced for the first time. This composition has been received with high approval by amateurs and professors, echoed by the eulogistic voice of the press. A juster verdict could not well have been pronounced. Mr Bunnett's work is not only that of a practised musician, but of one who, with strict conscientiousness, looks at his art from a serious point of view, and is fully impressed with the solemn dignity of his theme. This opinion is, I believe, unanimous; but, doubtless, ere long, you will be able to judge for yourself, through the medium of a published edition. The members of the Society are proud of the new composition, as having been written expressly for them by one to whose zealous and intelligent guidance they are so much indebted. The performance was in many respects good, but left room here and there for criticism, which on closer acquaintance with the music will hardly be called for. There were other noticeable features in the programme, and among the rest a tuneful and well written vocal quartet ("Benedictus") by Dr Horace Hill, well sung by Misses Hill and Alden, Messrs Minn and Cole. Miss Hill also gave the seraphic air, "Jerusalem," from Mendelssohn's *St Paul*; Mr Newman, the barytone, sang Gounod's "Nazareth"; and the orchestra, besides two movements from a symphony by Haydn (in E flat), played the March from Handel's *Scipio*. Mr Walter Lain was organist, and Mr R. F. Wilkins leader of the band, the whole proceedings being under the direction of Mr S. N. Barry, the active Hon. Sec. The concert was in all respects interesting.—C.

COLONNE CONCERTS.

Paris, Feb. 23rd.

Sunday's concert was the first following on Monsieur Colonne's decoration with the Legion of Honour Cross, so when he made his appearance before the audience, which crowded the Châtelet, he received an ovation; also a large bouquet from someone in the stalls, which embarrassed him somewhat. He had to bow acknowledgments again after a fine performance of Schumann's D minor Symphony, so enthusiastic and prolonged was the hand-clapping. There was a determined attempt to encore the romance of this symphony, but M. Colonne made an equally determined resistance, very rightly no doubt, yet truly we do have but a very short time of this movement's gloriously sweet deliciousness; so they went on to the *scherzo* that is to merge strangely beautifully into the unspeakable *finale*. The *chef d'attaque* attempted to attack Mendelssohn's Concerto; to criticise his performance would be superfluous. As to the *Overture du Vénitien*, by M. Albert Cahen, which came next—it is ; on its being finished three people applauded; five, more or less, hissed; and two ejaculated "oh!"

But what shall be said about Mdme Essipoff, who played Saint-Saëns' G minor. A sunbeam straying over the keys; a spring sunbeam that goes about in the forest gloom waking up violets. She is fairy-like, but yet quite mighty enough to demolish twenty thousand shrimps who shall be nameless, as could, by-the-bye, some other petticoat pianists, who shall likewise be nameless.

Fragments of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* brought this concert's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

To-day (the 22nd) there was a most remarkable performance of Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony. I never heard anything so magnificently played. For subtlety and finish, for breadth, vigour, and "go," and for the most perfect poetry of realisation, the playing of M. Colonne's orchestra was really marvellous, and too much praise cannot be awarded to all its members, or their deservedly popular conductor.

Bizet's *Arlésienne* was also given. Suffice it to say (being in a hurry for an impatient parent) that it is lovely; the *adagietto* and *minuetto* were encored. Schumann is in it, but not heard echoing from a hollow vessel, or drunk mixed with a lot of unfiltered water (I have been hearing B. Godard lately, quartet, Opus 34), but blending with Bizet. We hear Bizet all through, he himself with his own individuality, but saying every now and then to the dear great master, "How I admire you! How I love you!" with his own Bizetian individuality.

POLKAW (JACOBOWITCH).

MICHAEL IVANOVITCH GLINKA.

(From his Memoirs and Correspondence.)*

(Continued from page 83.)

At this period, Glinka's father was in some slight pecuniary embarrassment; consequently, the visitor would not have found at Novospasskoiey the sumptuous luxury usually surrounding the existence of Russian nobles. But Mad. Glinka had a brother, who was better off, and who, among other advantages, possessed that of being able to keep a private band. Whenever the Glinkas gave a party, they asked their relative to send them some of his musicians, who at one time played dance music and at another gave concerts. One evening they played a quartet, by Crusel, for clarinet, violin, tenor, and bass. Little Michael was then ten or eleven; he was wonderfully struck by the performance. For two days he could think of nothing else; entirely devoted to the recollection of this harmonious instrumental display, he lived as though in an ecstatic dream, applying himself with listlessness to his ordinary scholastic studies. The drawing-master remarked this, and, having at length divined his pupil's passion for music, lectured him upon it. "What can I do?" replied the boy, "*music is in my soul.*"

His uncle's orchestra became a source of the liveliest delight for young Glinka. At supper time, there used to be a performance by an octet consisting of two flutes, two clarinets, two horns, and two bassoons, who played original Russian compositions. The soft and veiled sonority and the melancholy character of the compositions themselves evoked an intensely poetic feeling. In a few years, when he has become a man, Glinka, at the moment he is about to fling himself into the career of a composer, will remember the national strains which enveloped in so soft a musical atmosphere his infancy; he will wish to become, and he will become, the founder of a new school, which will strike root into the very bowels of his native land.

After supper, the company used to dance, but Glinka, instead of figuring like the rest, in the quadrille, would take a violin or a flute, and try instinctively to share in the melody or the accompaniment. His father would fetch him, and, pointing to the young ladies who, to use the consecrated phrase, "*fesaient tapisserie*" ("were playing the part of wall-flowers"), order him to go and ask them to dance. The boy would obey, but, as soon as ever he got an opportunity, again desert the dancing and install himself in the orchestra.

At this period, he was learning Russian, German, and French under a governess, who instructed him, also, in geography and music. He made rapid progress on the piano. He worked at the violin under the direction of one of his uncle's musicians, but the professor was far from excellent; the pupil contracted very bad habits, which he could never correct. In the end, he gave up altogether an instrument on which he felt himself only a mediocre player.

In 1817, his father took him to the Pedagogical Institute of St Petersburg, recently founded for children of the nobility. Having been installed with three comrades and a tutor in a house in the town, he had a small piano placed in his room, but soon exchanged it for an excellent Royal Tiehner. He attended at the Institute the courses of Latin, French, German, English, and Persian. With the facility natural to Russians, he became a master of these six languages, to which he afterwards easily added Italian. Of the sciences, those which possessed the greatest attraction for him were geography and geology. He was fond, he tells us, of observing the laws of Nature and the marvellous diversity of her resources. This taste became so extraordinarily strong in him that, during his adolescence, he filled his rooms in the country and even in town with birds and all kinds of tame animals. He did not, however, neglect the other branches of knowledge; he soon became so proficient in arithmetic and algebra as to be appointed assistant master of the two sciences.

When he wrote his *Recollections* for his family, he had reached his fiftieth year. Always suffering and always anxious about his condition, he was certainly not what may be called a gay companion. But, when carrying himself back to the time of his youth, he grew young again; he tells stories about school and cannot refrain from sketching the portraits of some of his masters. Let us take one of them.

* From *Le Ménestrel*.

"Our good sub-inspector, Ivan Ekimowitch Kolmakof, was our consolation in trouble. When he appeared, our hearts would dilate. His facetious sallies, accompanied by a twinkling of the eyes and by strange grimaces, made him a popular character. A pupil, named Soboleski, wrote some verses on him which were sung at meal-times. The two rooms serving as refectory were narrow but very long. The tables were placed the long way of the rooms, so that their two extremities were at a great distance from each other. Immediately we had taken our seats, Ivan Ekimowitch made his appearance. He wore shoes with bows, grey trousers, a light long-tailed coat, partially threadbare, and on which the napless spots stood out like so many luminous patches. He walked with an air of importance from one end to the other of the long ranks of mischievous urchins, twinkling his eyes and incessantly arranging his waistcoat. We were all fond of him on account of his immeasurable kindness. We liked, however, to tease him, 'for as much as and all the more' because 'he condescended to get angry' (these were his own expressions) and because he did so in the most comical fashion imaginable. His flat face, marked with the small pox, and displaying a nose shaped like a coat-button, assumed in such cases a purple hue. His convulsive movements, the twinkling of his eyes, and his struggles with his waistcoat, at the bottom of which he was constantly tugging, grew more and more extraordinary, while his voice rose to the diapason of the shrillest soprano. One day, as we were sitting down to breakfast, Ivan Ekimowitch made his appearance. He walked up and down with his habitual solemnity. But what was that? Something like a muted serenade, beginning at one end of the table! Ivan Ekimowitch pointed like a sporting dog; he listened; at length distinguished his own name; began to suspect the pupils were laughing at him; and directed his steps towards that part of the room whence the murmurs seemed to proceed. He might have spared himself the trouble; all lips were silent, and everyone's teeth zealously masticating the poor fare offered to our hungry stomachs. The singing had passed, without leaving off, to the other extremity of the room. Ivan Ekimowitch rushed thither; there was the same silence, the same activity of the jaws, while the chant was again audible at the opposite end of the apartment. Ivan Ekimowitch stood motionless for an instant, but then suddenly started, and screamed out 'Rascals! Scoundrels!' This, however, did not prevent us from persevering, for, though Ivan Ekimowitch was often angry, he never punished anyone. In a word, he was a man of excellent disposition. He used to say, when speaking of himself: 'Little Ivan, a good moujik and an honest Christian, or sometimes, with a variation: 'An honest Christian and a good moujik.'"

(To be continued.)

—o—
BRUSSELS.

(Correspondence.)

Mme Albani's appearance in *Lucia* at the Théâtre de la Monnaie was a splendid success. Previously a stranger to this capital, she was received at first almost in silence, but this did not last long, and the audience soon broke out into enthusiastic applause. The house was crammed. *Rigoletto* followed, with even more brilliant results. The Brussels papers teem with the praises of the gifted and charming Canadian—"X. X." at the head of them.

One of the most remarkable musical events here for many years was the appearance of Joachim at the third Morning Concert of the Conservatory. He played Beethoven's Violin Concerto, Schumann's Fantasia, Spohr's Ninth Concerto, and some other pieces—holding his audience spell-bound. Between the first and second part of the concert, he was summoned into the Royal box and warmly congratulated by the Queen and the Countess of Flanders. At the same time, M. Rollin-Jacquemyn, Minister of the Interior, presented him with the Cross of the Order of Leopold, the patent having been signed by the King the same morning. When the new Knight returned into the concert-room, wearing—at the particular request of the members of the orchestra—the ribbon of the Order at his button hole, the audience cheered and applauded to the echo. After the concert, M. Gevaert, in the name of the orchestra and of the professional staff attached to the Conservatory, requested the great violinist's acceptance of a gold medal, struck to commemorate so glorious a date in his artistic career.

Moscow.—*Eugen Onegin*, a dramatic work by Tschaikowsky, will shortly be published by Jürgenson.

The Witnesses in Waiting.

It was a merry lawyer, and his client, and the pair
Were talking very earnestly regarding some affair;
Said the lawyer, "It's as sweet a case as ever I was in;
I'm glad we've undertaken it, it's certain we shall win.
Although, of course, we must collect our evidence with care—
You mentioned that your witnesses were scattered here and there?
No matter—we must have 'em sir; and that without delay;
I'll write to them to hurry up, however far away.

The client smiled a beaming smile; there might be some expense—
The number of the witnesses was, certainly, immense—
He knew he'd have their fares to pay, and possibly their keep;
But the human bosom's yearning after victory is deep;
And victory one's surplus cash is well-invested in;
The client smiled a beaming smile—he felt that he should win.

Delighted at the holiday, the witnesses in scores
Came trooping from the distant and far-remotest shores:
In fact, the very nearest and adjacentest of these—
Comparatively handy—were the far Antipodees;
Four most important witnesses of mighty weight and worth
Inhabited respectively a corner of the earth.
And all the other witnesses for whom the lawyer wrote
Were settled in localities exceedingly remote.

The happy client paid their fares without a single frown,
And lodged them most superbly in the best hotel in town;
He did it all without a twinge, an effort or a tweak,
Although he might be called upon to keep them for a week.

"O client dear," the lawyer said, "the Courts, I understand,
Have got a little muddled with the work they have in hand;
The judge has been so silly as to get into a fix
In trying to negotiate the business of six;
Our case will not, in consequence, be taken for awhile."
"Oh, dear, it doesn't matter," said the client with a smile.

He had to keep the witnesses another month or two,
Which simply was a duty it delighted him to do;
He gaily went and called for them, and treated them at nights
To operas and pantomimes, and other London sights.
They made a very goodish show within the drama's halls
By filling all the boxes, and the circle, and the stalls.

And after half-a-dozen weeks, they all appeared to say,
"Our absence from our business occasions ev'ry day
A loss of fifty pounds or so, and so we thought you might
Be willing to refund it?" And he answered, "With delight."

"O, client," said the lawyer, in his sweet, contented way,
"The merry long vacation, it commences from to-day;
For, say a dozen weeks or so, the Courts will cease to sit,
And I shall take a holiday for just a little bit:
Let's see—you have some witnesses? You either send them down
To spend the time at home, you know, or let them stop in town."

The client smiled his gayest smile, and went with cheerful voice
To tell his host of witnesses and give them all their choice;
These answered unreservedly: "We willingly will stay—
Vacations not to prejudice the fifty pounds a day."

The client murmured joyfully: "A dozen weeks—or less!—
And then the long vacation ends—and then—and then—SUCCESS!"
And this so buoyed and comforted, this little inward speech,
He went and bought the witnesses a new umbrella each.

And Time, who flies so rapidly—old Time, our ancient friend—
Soon brought the long vacation and its waiting to an end;
In fact, the happy client had been occupied so well
In selling out securities to pay that big hotel,
The hour-glass, as it seemed to him, had hardly lost a grain,
When lo! he found his lawyer and the judges back again.

"O client," said the lawyer, with contentment in his face,
"Some little technicalities connected with the case
Decidedly necessitate adjournment for awhile."
"How charming!" said the client, with his customary smile.

Some years had passed since this remark, and (as may be inferred)
Some other interruptions and delayings had occurred.
The client had begun to find he couldn't quite so well
Afford to keep his witnesses in that superb hotel;
He rented them a palace (and I think that he was wise)
And found a big contractor to provide them with supplies,
And oft he had a vision of that future (during sleep),
When all this host of witnesses would not be his to keep.

"O client," said the lawyer, when a fresh decade had gone,
"I fancy that our little case will soon be coming on;
Let's see—I think you spoke about some witnesses?" said he;
And the client he admitted that there might be two or three.
The client was becoming rather antiquated now,
Yet lightsome was his carriage and unfurrowed was his brow;
And there dwelt a fixed expression of contentment in his face,
Engendered by the certainty of winning in the case.
"O father," said the witnesses—(they always styled him thus)—
"Our ways are greatly altered since your first engaging us;
You've kept us all in leisure; we've enjoyed it very much;
And now we're getting far too old for business and such;
We, therefore, come, believing you'll be willing to discuss
Some permanent and comfortable settlement for us—
Some home in which existence might be ended in a dream."
The client he expressed himself delighted with the scheme.
He, therefore, built an institute, imposing, on a hill;
Endowed it with the property remaining to him still;
And placed his aged witnesses in comfort on the shelf;
And then obtained an order for the workus for himself.

—F.un.

CARL TAUSIG.

A SKETCH.

(Concluded from page 85.)

Von Bülow, who, in his anxiety to pay a brother artist a fitting tribute, frequently and with great modesty forgets himself, writes of Tausig: "Anton Rubinstein only was mentioned as his rival." And in 1870, when he heard him play for the last time, he exclaimed: "My dear friend, you have become so great that no one can hope to approach you. In spite of my former admiration of your gigantic talent, I never thought I could look up to you, as I look up to Joseph Joachim when he plays the Beethoven concerto. Every note you give us is pure gold, the very essence of expression. Horace Vernet was once requested to draw a small pencil sketch. He did so while the party who ordered it was waiting. When this person protested against the price Vernet charged, the painter answered him: 'Do you think I spent only ten minutes in drawing that sketch? It represents the labours of thirty years.' In the same manner you compress into a single run the entire history of piano playing."

In 1866, Tausig gave concerts in Hamburg, Denmark, and Sweden; in 1867 he appeared in Leipsic, and in 1868 he performed in Holland. Though he travelled through France, England, and Switzerland, he never played there in public.

During the year 1866 he founded a piano school in Berlin which at once became prosperous. He won the co-operation of such excellent instructors as C. F. Weitzmann, Louis Ehlert, and Adolph Jensen. He readily gained the love of his pupils, to whom he was accustomed to devote two days of the week. The rest of his time was spent in enlarging his capabilities as a pianist; and so severe was his criticism of his own accomplishments that, although he had memorised nearly all the literature for the piano that was worth knowing, he refused an invitation to perform in Leipsic in 1870, because, as he said, he had nothing which at present he could perform to his entire satisfaction. According to Ehlert, Tausig's value as a teacher was largely due to the unerring truth of his diagnosis. He knew in a moment to whatever cause a bad performance owed its weakness. Though he was exacting in his instructions, he never showed impatience, nor were his reproofs couched in severe language. The same distinguished courtesy which his master had shown to him characterised his behaviour towards his own pupils. As a result, the school, of which he was the head, grew in importance from day to day, until it became a mark of distinction among pianists to have been a pupil of Tausig's, a distinction urged by so many that numerous claims must be accepted with reserve.

He was as slow to find satisfaction in his compositions as he was loath to acknowledge the merits of his piano playing. Twice he ignored all he had written and began new series, each beginning with Opus 1., and containing nothing he had previously issued. Of the last set he completed only one number, the *Études de concert*. This was in 1871; the same year he died. His most important contributions to music are the edition of Clementi's *Gradus ad Parnassum*, with remarks and indications as to practising, and also his own daily exercises, published after his death. Both are used for daily study in most of the leading conservatories and by many piano teachers. Weitzmann, in his preface to the last edition of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, remarks that whoever can play these studies is competent to perform everything in pianoforte literature—from Bach to Beethoven. The edition contains about twenty exercises, following

each other in the order of their difficulty. When a pianist has concluded with this book he can proceed to practice the études of Chopin and afterwards those of Liszt; so that since Tausig's publication we have a complete series of exercises for pianists who desire to develop their talents until they fulfil the severest requirements of pianism. He was among the first to call the attention of modern musicians to the works of Scarlatti, five of whose sonatas he arranged for performance in concert. He also re-modelled a polonaise by Schubert à quatre mains, and gave it the form of a piano solo, under the title of *Polonaise mélancolique d'après F. Schubert*. His versatility in transcribing is evident from the fact that he refined for the piano orchestral compositions by Berlioz (fragments from *La Damnation de Faust*) and Wagner (love scene from *Tristan and Isolde*, *Der Ritt der Walküren*), &c. His works number about forty in all.

It was remarked previously, that Tausig was rarely satisfied with what he accomplished. To him the highly artistic results of his efforts seemed to fall short of his ideal. This spirit of self-examination and self-criticism served only to increase the melancholy which naturally predominated in his disposition. Davidson, a near friend and confidant, declares that Tausig often deplored in accents of despair his inability to grasp the prize, for which alone he thought life worth living; and when friends consoled him with the assurance, that his mindfulness of the highest aim in art was the very proof that he would rise to the loftiest heights of human possibilities, he was wont to smile bitterly, as if his ambition were to break through limits of human capabilities; as if he had measured his powers critically and had pronounced them unequal to his self-set task. This morbid melancholy was nurtured by the works of Schopenhauer, whose philosophical writings were Tausig's favourite reading. He always kept them near him, in elegant binding, and was frequently occupied with them for hours at a time. His domestic difficulties served to increase this gloom. He married the Hungarian pianist, Seraphine Vrabely; but his life with her was so unhappy that, after living together for a short time, they separated.

In 1871 his health began to fail. His high-strung nervous system could no longer bear the strain required by appearances in public; nor could his sensitive nature stand the excitements incident to an artist's career. His mind, too, more especially his faculty of memorising, was actually worn out. In the summer of 1871 he began to complain of an insidious sickness, which rendered him unwilling to work. A little while afterwards, when he suffered also from an attack of rheumatism, he decided to seek renewed health in Switzerland. While resting in Dresden he heard that Liszt was to perform in Leipzig on the 2nd of July. He hastened at once to Leipzig and arrived after the beginning of the concert, but in time to hear Liszt play. The same evening master and pupil met at a little social gathering, and Tausig spoke with warmth of the pleasure he had derived from the performance. The next morning he was prostrated by an attack of typhoid fever. Even his delirium concerned matters pertaining to his art. His most frequent outcry was: "Wagner is dead, Bilow is dead, and Liszt has met with a severe accident!" After a change for the worse, on the 15th of July, the physicians pronounced his case hopeless. He ceased to be interested in anything but his disease. His last words were a request to his friends to hand him a thermometer that he might ascertain his temperature. He passed away at four o'clock in the morning of July 17th, 1871. On the 22nd of July he was buried in Berlin, during a tremendous storm, thunder and lightning accompanying the chords of Beethoven's Funeral March.

In estimating Tausig's rank as an artist, he must be pronounced, without hesitation, the greatest of Liszt's pupils; but it must be said, with the same firmness, that he never equalled Rubinstein, or ever would have been his peer. For while Tausig, like a celebrated fellow-pupil who has survived him, was in the truest sense of the word a virtuoso, Rubinstein, like Liszt, is a genius who happens to play the piano. It may be assumed, with justice, that Tausig accomplished all that lay within his powers. He was one of those fortunate men who have passed away in the midst of their greatest triumphs, so that, although he died long before all of his generation passed judgment on him, the brightness of his fame, like that of a star falling from its zenith, has swept over the horizon with brilliant illumination.

PROVINCIAL MUSICIANS.

No. 2.—MISCELLANEOUS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I confess myself rather disappointed that none of the musicians belonging to Gloucester or Somerset have thought fit to respond to my appeal for information, in your No. of the 24th ult. Such cool indifference is calculated to repress enthusiasm,

even in the most sanguine, yet may I request you to allow me another appeal to various other districts, trusting that I may meet with better success. To Lancashire I would look for some information about Mr George Hargreaves, a celebrated glee composer, who obtained some half-dozen prizes from 1830 till 1840; also James Cartledge, tenor singer and vocal composer. Then, in 1763, a masonic work, entitled "Social Harmony," was published, edited by Thomas Hale, of Darnhall, Cheshire, to which, besides the editor, the three following gentlemen contributed: John Green, Junr., Mr Orme, and Mr Ridley. No Christian names are given for the two last, but Ridley was probably identical with an organist of that name who, in the same year, was engaged at Presbury. All these people, then, seem to belong to Cheshire. I may briefly name Joseph Koy of Nuneaton, in Warwick, who wrote many anthems and eighteen marches; the Rev. Robert Greville, Rector of Edlaston, Derbyshire, who, in 1787, gained a prize for his glee, "Now the Bright Morning Star"; Thomas Jarman of Clifton, Northamptonshire, a well-known composer of Psalmody; Mr Wm. Fish, music-seller and vocal composer of Norwich; a Mr Hicks, who contributed to Arnold's "Essex Harmony"; a person who, about the end of last century, published a set of glees by "An Essex Amateur"; the Rev. John Baker of Bromley, Kent; and, finally, in 1860, (I think) several glees were published under the name "Noverari." If there is no indiscretion in asking the question, perhaps some person could reveal the *incognito* in the last case, as also in the "Essex Amateur." Any information as to any of the above persons will be most gratefully acknowledged by, yours truly, D. BAPTIE.

THE SUNBEAMS' MESSAGE! *

The bright sunbeams are flying fast over the wave—
The foam-crested wave of the deep azure sea,
And I feel that thy spirit some golden beam gave
A message of sweetness to breathe unto me.
What if dark years are lying like shadows between
The lives Fate hath riven, to leave thee afar!
Thou' alone, I'm still lingering where thou once hast been,
Our old haunts all lighted by Memory's star.

And now on the wings of the sun-shine there sweep
The messages soft that were whisper'd by thee;
That thy love as of old is both faithful and deep,
And I bless the bright gold rays that bore them to me;
Yes—dear love! Fate hath reft me of thee, but in part.
Just a long weary day, and then we shall stand
Hand-link'd, and for ever, my own darling Heart!
On the bright tideless shore of Love's own cloudless land!

* Copyright.

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

IMPERIAL THEATRE.—Miss Litton's selection of *As you like it*, for afternoon performance at the Imperial Theatre, will, there is little doubt, be thoroughly appreciated by the theatrical public. There was a large audience at its first performance on Wednesday, who were equally charmed with the play and the manner of its representation, which was in all respects excellent. Miss Litton, who entered completely into the spirit of Shakspeare's witty and delightful heroine, never appeared to greater advantage than in the character of Rosalind, which is exactly suited to the combination of gifts which makes her talent so attractive. Mr Bellow plays Orlando so well, that his present want of the experience of which alone he stands in need is scarcely felt. To state the representatives of Jaques the moody pretended misanthrope, Touchstone, wisest of fools, and Adam, the attached old servant, are Messrs Herman Vezin, Lionel Brough, and Farren, is enough to say that the assumptions were true to the life, besides being generally Shaksperian. The other characters are more or less ably sustained; that of Audrey, by Miss S. Hodson, deserving especial praise. The part of Amiens, assigned to Mr Gérard Coventry, could hardly have been placed in fitter hands. His singing of "Under the Greenwood tree" (Scene 2, Act II.), and "Blow, blow, thou wintry winds" (Scene 4, Act II.), alike for distinct enunciation of the words and unaffected phrasing, obtained hearty and well-merited applause. The incidental music is judiciously selected by Mr Barnard, the conductor, an adept in his way. The scenery by Mr Perkins and the getting up generally of the piece are deserving unqualified praise. No success, in its way, could be more legitimate.

ON THE PRESENT CONDITION OF MUSICAL TASTE.

Leaving the fogs of benighted London, casting off from our feet the mud of her streets, trying to stifle the noise of her toiling myriads, and forgetting the bickerings, the troubles, and the heart-burnings common to humanity, we see in the distance the bright sun, the blue sky and the green leaves. We hear the song of birds, and scent the perfume of flowers, and eagerly accept the change as a boon. Let us sit down and listen. Let us try and forget the world, and draw in those soul-improving thoughts engendered by the inspiration of sweet sounds.

I have often thought that the world would be much happier, that individuals would be much better—more charitable and forgiving—if they would occasionally allow themselves to be placed under the influence of such associations. Softly, gently, tranquilly, their thoughts would get less confused; the magic of a great mind would throw a web around them, and while listening to the inspirations of a Beethoven, a Mendelssohn, a Schumann, a Schubert, or a Sterndale Bennett, a fairy world would be opened, in which we might cast off the grossness of our daily thoughts and become softened, humanized, and made—if only for a time—more happy. A visit to the Crystal Palace on a Saturday is calculated to engender such thoughts as these; for, whatever its shortcomings, it is a beautiful place, and there is always a programme to listen to quite sufficient to repay the slight toil of the journey—a toil that benefits the constitution and refreshes the mind.

"But I don't care about classical music," I hear some unfortunate declare; "Beethoven is a bore, Mendelssohn a nightmare, and Schumann but a wilderness of unmeaning sounds." The greater reason, my dear friend, that you should hear them all the more, for I am selfishly enjoying that which you cannot relish. I have a great, a purifying pleasure you cannot taste; but do not make any mistake, the enjoyment will come to you sooner or later if you bring yourself under its influence. In nine cases out of ten those who care very little about good music are simply those who have either not had the opportunity, or will not avail themselves of the opportunity, of enjoying such pleasures, and it is on these grounds that I plead for patronage to be extended to such intellectual treats as those afforded at Sydenham and elsewhere.

Why should musical Europe look down upon England with contempt? Is the love of pure and intellectual music dying out in this country? Do not allow such words even to be whispered in secret. We have still institutions that cannot be surpassed, if equalled, abroad. Show me a Sacred Harmonic Society anywhere in Europe that has done the legitimate work this society has accomplished? Was part-singing ever brought to greater perfection than under the guiding *baton* of Mr Henry Leslie? What about the Philharmonic Society, with its sixty-eight years of continuous labour, fitly illustrated at the last concert, when royalty, with score in hand, followed Beethoven's "*Eroica*," marking every point with the deepest attention and apparent delight. Where will you hear a finer rendering of a symphony than that given by Mr Manns and his orchestra at least twenty times a year, to say nothing about those charming week-day concerts, full of classical lore, the whole world may hear for one shilling? I feel sick at heart when I hear nothing but grumblings and continued loss to those who try to cater for our enjoyment. Would that I could rouse the whole musical world to stand forth and demand some recognition of such labours! It will be an evil day for England if the love of good music should die out; it bodes ill to this country if her musical institutions are not increased, instead of being lessened. England, the wealthiest land in the world, teeming with its thousands of rich noblemen, whose pride of birth, if nothing else, should make them try to wipe out this stain upon our national honour! Are we to hear on every side ugly whispers of the speedy dissolution of all our best musical institutions? If Parliament cannot afford a few thousands annually to endow the shrine of the purest goddess that ever had a worshipper, if the members dare not do this little good for toiling England, some of them at least might patronize such efforts in others. If it could be made fashionable—and I would have it so—to banish from society every individual, no matter how exalted his rank, who regarded music as a bore or the mere accompaniment to a dance, then its acquirement would be universal, and our musical societies would be patronized. It should form a part of our national education, and enter more particularly into our religious services, adding to the happiness of our homes, making our national festivals rich in harmony, and throwing a halo of refinement about all our proceedings.

PHOSPHOR.

[Utopian—excellent Phosphor! Utopian! Utopian! and again Utopian! Nevertheless, dream on, if it makes you comfortable and happy, as the genuine lover of your fellow-creatures, which we know you to be.—D. B.]

* The "Pops," or what?—W. D. D.

WAIFS.

Mad. Carlotta Patti has left America for Australia.

Anton Dvorak's opera, *Wanda*, is to be performed in Prague.

Wagner's *Meistersinger* is in rehearsal at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

A glass roof is being fitted to the Politeama Vittorio Emanuele, Florence.

Sig. Maini, the bass, is engaged for the spring at the Liceo, Barcelona.

A grand musical festival will be held at Rheims on the 15th and 16th May.

L'Etoile du Nord was performed at Angers for the benefit of Mad. Gally-Laroche.

Gounod has completed a new choral work: *Le Vin des Gaulois et la Danse de l'Épée*.

L'Africaine will be produced at the Teatro Real, Madrid, with Signora Pantaleoni as the heroine.

The Monument erected to Beethoven by the city of Vienna will be solemnly inaugurated on the 1st May.

Anber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* is to be produced at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theatre, Berlin.

The Duke of Meiningen has appointed Dr Hans von Bülow Intendant General of Music to the Ducal Court.

Goldmark's *Königin von Saba* will probably be given at the Fenice, Venice, instead of *Lohengrin*, as originally proposed.

The colour of a woman's hair is not of much consequence. It is the colour of her money which counts with most young men of the present day.

After giving three concerts in Warsaw, Anton Rubinstein has gone to superintend the production of his new opera, *Kalaschnikoff*, in St Petersburg.

The Italian operatic season, under M. Max Strakosch, was inaugurated, on the 2nd inst., at the Globe Theatre, Boston (U.S.), by *Faust*, with Mdle Litta as Margherita.

On the occasion of the Wagnerian Festival, at Kroll's, in Berlin, on the 27th inst., the programme will include the first act of *Die Walküre*, with Herr Niemann in the principal part.

Señor Sarasate was expected in Berlin on the 20th inst., to take part in the Court Concert. He has given no less than fifty-four concerts in the course of the last four months and a half.

Signora Ortolani (once of Her Majesty's Theatre) has cancelled her engagement at the Italian Opera, Madrid, in order to be with her husband, Sig. Tiberini (once of the Royal Italian Opera) whose state inspires grave fears.

Several members of the operatic company and of the Cathedral choir, Bremen, lately resolved to serenade a friend. Among other pieces selected was Schäffer's "*Post im Walde*." Herr Rabe, one of the orchestra at the Stadttheater, was to play the echo, and for that purpose stationed himself on the Borchersweg, at some distance from the vocalists. He had just concluded the postillion's signal when he felt a heavy hand descend on his shoulder. Looking round, he perceived a Watchman by his side. "You are arrested!" said the nocturnal functionary. "What d'yer mean by playing away like that and interfering with them serenaders? Come along with me!"—"Don't bother," replied Herr Rabe, curtly: "I must play!"—"No, you don't," was the reply. "Not a bit of it. You come along with me." Meanwhile, the singers in the Siefelpfad were waiting anxiously for the well known sounds from the trumpet. But nothing was to be heard. Rabe was as quiet as a mouse or a monk of La Trappe, and one of the singers hurried off for the purpose of looking after the neglectful trumpeter and urging him to do his duty. On finding how matters stood, the envoy did all in his power to convince the Watchman that the singers were waiting for the trumpeter. "At any rate, let us go and tell them the true state of the case," said Herr Rabe. "There, you better first come to the watch-house." To the watch-house they accordingly proceeded, but, when Herr Rabe was about to explain the case, the Head-Watchman declared he would first hear the report of his subordinate officer, who said: "Please, sir, there's a party down in the Siefelpfad yonder who want to serenade some one, and directly they commence, the prisoner here he begins a blowing away as hard as ever he can to put them out." This was too much for Herr Rabe. Despite all commands to the contrary, he would speak, nor did he cease until even the Dogberry-in-chief perceived the mistake which had been committed, and ordered the indignant trumpeter to be set free. But the latter's vocal friends had by this time finished their serenade and wended their way to their respective homes, without including in their programme "*Die Post im Walde*."

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